

The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME II.

SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1906.

NUMBER 12

BRACK POWELL

Dies at His Home at Mackville.
One of The County's Most Prominent Men.

The news of the death of Mr. H. B. Powell, which occurred at his home at Mackville last Thursday night, February 15, 1906, at 9:30, was received by his hundreds of friends throughout Washington county with the deepest sorrow. No man in the county was better known than Mr. Powell, and indeed, there are few who have friends more loyal to them than were the friends of Mr. Powell to him. The night was never too dark nor the day too cold for his friends to labor in his behalf.

Mr. Powell served one term as high sheriff of the county, and two terms as deputy, having been elected last November as deputy of the ticket with Sidney Osborne.

The deceased was born in Boyle county, March 4, 1861, but in his youth he came to Washington county, and had since resided here. He leaves a mother, three brothers and two sisters, who have the sympathy of the people the county in the death of the son and brother.

Mr. Powell was a member of the Masonic lodge at Mackville, and his burial was conducted by that order. The deceased was a kind and generous man, and did much for the needy in the community where he lived.

His death was due to a liver trouble, of which he had been a sufferer for two or three years, and his friends have known for some time that his condition was very serious, but hoped that the disease would finally yield to treatment. However, when his death was announced last Friday morning in Springfield, those who were acquainted with the seriousness of Mr. Powell's disease were not surprised. Just a day or two prior to his death Mr. Powell was out riding his district. On Wednesday before his death he was considered in a precarious condition, but after receiving treatment from his physicians, seemed to improve and on Thursday arose from his bed, but during the afternoon of Thursday he again became dangerously ill, and, as announced, above died that night at 9:30.

The Sun, together with hundreds of friends, extends sympathy to the bereaved mother, brothers and sisters.

HILLSBORO.

Little Cecil Coulter is very sick at this writing.

Mrs. Mat Inman, who has been very sick, is improving.

Creath Dean, of Cornishville, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Sam Montgomery. Miss Eva Inman and Mr. Ernest Shewmaker spent Sunday with Misses Effie and Maggie Montgomery.

Misses Mary Agnes Hines, who is attending school at Mackville, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

J. M. Montgomery and J. M. Shields attended the lodge at Springfield Monday night.

Mrs. Nan Scott spent several days with her mother last week.

Misses Flossie and Myrtle Armstrong visited their uncle, Mr. Derringer, Monday.

Mrs. J. M. Shields is on the sick list. Mrs. Annie Montgomery was called to Cornishville Monday by the illness of her uncle, Mr. Jim Holger.

The many friends of Mr. H. B. Powell were sorry to hear of his death. It was a shock to this community. The county has lost one of its best men. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.

TATHAM SPRINGS.

We are having beautiful weather at present. The hotel company have been putting up ice the past week.

Some of the farmers of this community have burnt their plant beds.

Mr. Henry Graham spent Wednesday night at the home of J. W. Shirley.

Mr. Elias Perkins visited his daughter near here last week.

Mr. Merrell Pinkston and wife and Mr. Richard Pinkston and family, of near Williamsburg, visited at the home of J. W. Shirley Saturday night and Sunday.

Oscar Shirley was in Nelson county Sunday.

We gladly welcome Dr. Yates in our midst, and wish him much success.

Charles Grider and family visited his cousin, Murray Grider, at this place Friday and Saturday.

Osborne-Johnson.

Mr. Will H. Johnson and Miss Minnie Lee Osborne were married at the Catholic church this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rev. Father Hennessy officiating. Mr. Johnson is a member of the firm of Johnson & McCabe, and is one of Springfield's most popular business men. The bride is a popular and attractive young woman. She has resided with her grandmother, near town, since coming to this country. The attendants were: T. Irvin McElroy, C. W. Hagan and Warren Nally, of this place, and Mr. Will G. Bicket, of Lebanon. Many friends throughout the county extend congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and record wishes for much happiness.

GOOD ROADS.

A Little More Work and Not So Talk Suggests Who's Had Experience.

During the last few years we have heard and read much about good roads, and no new roads are being built, nor are the old ones being much improved. This is not in keeping with the instruction of the Good Book, which says it is best to be "doers" instead of "hears" altogether. Have we had too much said on this subject of good roads? Hardly that. It might be said what has been done has not been done in the right line. There may have been nothing wrong in big road conventions and the appointment of the counties largest and best men as delegates to them, but the common people have not yet been interested in the road question; but road meetings have been too far away and too high above the people who are to build them and ought to be interested in them. Building good roads must be about the line pursued by Nehemiah in building the walls of Jerusalem. The people must be interested in the work—must have a "mind" to work. Just at this season of the year, of muddy roads, the work seems urgent. It is for the people to say "let us rise up and build" if we are to have good roads. Such a determination on the part of the people will "strengthen their hands for the work," and in building the walls of Jerusalem was divided. No better division in the work of building good roads can be made than for each man to be interested in the work "over against his own house" his own piece. This must be before we have good roads. In all public improvements, from which equal benefits come to all, certain duties and obligations rest upon every man. Sharing alike the advantages of good roads, every individual ought to be willing to bear the burden required to secure them in proportion to the advantages received; this is just. Nothing so hinders the good roads movement as any public improvement as selfishness.

This is not good policy. Every good road adds value to land and makes the owner a richer man.

They add a new pleasure to life in making an outlet to travel and business. They are a saving of time to the people along its passage and demands a part of the money put into public improvements.

There is as much need of good legislation for good roads as there is for improvement in the water courses and rivers. They all enter the public. Where and when is it to begin? R.

RUNAWAYS.—Mr. S. T. Colvin's horse became frightened at some object on High street last evening and ran away. Mr. Colvin was thrown from the buggy and at first it was feared that he was seriously hurt, but we are glad to state that his injuries are not at all serious. The vehicle was completely demolished.

Last week a horse attached to a buggy belonging to Mr. A. L. Litsy ran away just as his daughter and another young lady had started to Springfield. The young ladies escaped without injury, but the buggy was torn to pieces.

C. T. Wilson, Montgomery county jailer, has instituted \$1000 damage suit against Mayor Harris, of Mt. Sterling, alleging false arrest.

WHITE HOUSE

Wedding a Brilliant Affair.—A Great Gathering of Prominent People.

Washington, Feb. 17.—In the beautiful white and gold east room of the White House a few minutes after noon today, the venerable Rt. Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, Bishop of Washington, of the Protestant Episcopal church, united in marriage Alice Lee Roosevelt, eldest daughter of the President of the United States, and Nicholas Longworth, the Representative in Congress from the First district of Ohio.

The ceremony—the simple, beautiful and impressive ring service of the Episcopal church—was attended with all the splendor of a grand official function and with all the devotional beauty of a cathedral service. It was witnessed by one of the most brilliant and distinguished assemblages ever gathered in the White House, by far the largest company which ever graced the executive mansion on a similar occasion.

A halo of a hundred years of romantic White House history hung over the bridal couple. Miss Roosevelt was the twelfth bride, according to accepted authorities, to plight her troth within its classic walls, and the identical spot where she today joined hands with the husband of her choice "for better, for worse," is hallowed in the memory of another White House bride, beloved Nellie Grant, who thirty-two years ago, on that same spot, became the wife of the Englishman, Algernon C. F. Sartoris. Tender indeed must have been the recollections of Mrs. Sartoris of that day, now long ago, for she was one of the witnesses of Miss Roosevelt's wedding.

NEXT MONDAY

Next Monday is County Court day. We want to collect considerable coin on subscriptions that day. If our collections amount to as much as one hundred dollars we will stand on our head in front of the court house until as many as 25 silver dollars roll out of our pockets, which will be given to the man who pays the first dollar.

CARDWELL.

Mr. W. L. Graham was in Marion county last week on business.

Died, on the 14th, Mr. R. C. Carey, of long tenure. Deceased was 19 years of age, was a devoted member of the Christian church at Battle. Internment took place the following day at Perkins Burying Ground. He leaves father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Carey, and several brothers and sisters and a host of friends to mourn their loss.

Died, on the 17th, Mr. James Hedger, at the Brewer Mill, of heart trouble. He was only sick three days. The people whom he had met knew him for his good traits of character had no enemies. He was a member of the Christian church at Cornishville. Internment took place Sunday in the Cornishville cemetery. A very large procession of sorrowing friends followed the body to its last resting place on earth. He leaves a wife and a host of friends to mourn their loss.

Stock Sales.

E. T. Perkins sold to W. L. Graham one mare at \$70.

R. A. Willham sold to J. A. Kyler one 5-year-old gelding at \$135.

W. L. Graham bought from parties in Marion county, one stallion at \$185, also one 18-month-old Jack at \$165.

E. T. Perkins sold to S. P. Delwoss one Jersey cow, \$40.

Graham & Perkins bought from J. Matherly, one horse, \$82.50.

E. G. Holiday bought one horse at \$75.

H. C. Moore sold to F. H. Royalty, one 5-year-old horse, \$82.50, and bought of W. L. Moore one horse, at \$90.

Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. F. Gibbins, deceased, are hereby requested to present same properly proven to the undersigned on or before May 1, 1906.

W. S. McCHORD,
T. S. MATYAS.

Judgments For Ladies.

Lebanon Enterprise: The suits of Mrs. Grace N. Wilhoit and Mrs. Edna B. Cleaver, each for \$2,500 damages against the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co., were tried since our last issue. The plaintiffs claimed that they were wrongfully sent to a colored coach in a train leaving Louisville for Lebanon last November, and in it they remained about three minutes before discovering the mistake. Mrs. Wilhoit was awarded a judgment for \$99 and Mrs. Cleaver one for \$130.

YOU ARE INVITED

To COME IN to see us in our new office—above the clerk's office. (Look for the sign.) COME IN when you come to town next Monday. If you are not a subscriber COME IN and let us put your name on our list—remember we will make you a present of Farm and Fire. COME IN! We will make The Sun worth many times its subscription price to you during the year; the Subscriber's Free Column is worth \$10 a year to any farmer—it sells what you advertise in it. COME IN whether you want to subscribe or not; we will be glad to see you.

LONG RUN LETTER

Miss Maggie Arnold, who has typhoid fever, is improving. Mrs. Perkins is also improving.

We will soon have telephone connection with Texas.

A successful two weeks' meeting has closed at Wesley Chapel. The services were conducted by Rev. Roberts, of Wilmore, and Johnson, of this place. Both are earnest speakers. Several additions to the church resulted.

Born, to the wife of Robert Cocanougher, a boy.

We suggest that each correspondent paste his or her letter in a scrap-book each week. It will be interesting reading in years to come.

This community was severely shocked when the tragic death of Mr. and Mrs. May's little two-year-old daughter, an account of which appeared in the last issue of The Sun—was announced last Friday a week ago. All that a good physician and loving hands could do was done to save the life of the little one, but after a few hours of suffering its little soul went away to its God as gently as receding starlight. After a beautiful talk by Bro. Walker the body was laid to rest in Campbell's graveyard. The sympathy of all is extended to the bereaved parents.

As spring comes on, we naturally think of buds and flowers, and—also insects as well—the study of the latter will be very interesting to us next June when hill and vale shall ring with the shrill noise of the cicada, (or seventeen-year locust as they are called). We have traced them back and found they have come every seventeen years since 1821 to '89, and we confidently look for them in '06. The naturalist calculate their future appearance in a given year for all future time as the astronomer does an eclipse. We may go back in times when none but savages lived in our continent and feel confident that the woods of Kentucky rattled with the hoarse cry of the locust, in the month of June, six years before Columbus first set sail for America as they did in 1889.

The Sun is making a generous offer to its readers when it says it will come to you and bring such a noble friend as the Farm and Fireside. We have been taking the latter paper for years and find it to be one of the very best farm papers—the pictures alone are worth the price of the paper.

We have sent our petition for rural delivery to our Congressman, Hon. D. H. Smith, at Washington City, who will doubtless recommend it to the P. O. department.

Rev. Alex. Spragins, of Illinois, is visiting his old home after an absence of twenty-five years.

Mr. Wm. Gray, of near Alton, is very sick with a complication of diseases. Charlie Cocanougher, of the same vicinity, has been confined to his home with Lagrip; he is slowly improving.

Infant child of James Smith, of Middleboro, left alone near a grate fire. Clothing caught fire, and it was burned to death.

PRIMARY ELECTION

Called By Congressional Committee.—Clear Field For Mr. Johnson.

Ben Johnson, of Bardtown, in all probability will have no opposition for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Fourth congressional district. Although a call for a primary election to be held Saturday June 2, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress to succeed D. H. Smith, was issued Monday by the Democratic Congressional Committee of the Fourth district, immediately after the adjournment of the committee it was announced that the field was clear for Mr. Johnson. Gus W. Richardson announced that the calling of a primary meant that he had no showing, and therefore he would not enter the race. T. Scott Mayes, of Washington county, whose name had been mentioned in connection with the race, also announced that he would not be a candidate.

Mr. Mayes in making the announcement stated that unfortunately the candidacy of Mr. Johnson and his own had got somewhat mixed, and it was decidedly inopportune for two men in the same part of the district to make the race. For this reason, and the fact that he was a strong friend of Mr. Johnson, he said he would decline to make the race.

Gus W. Richardson said that on canvassing the committee before the meeting he learned that only three of thirteen members talked favorably of a convention, and he then made up his mind not to enter the race. Mr. Richardson was present at the meeting of the committee, and afterward expressed himself as being willing to abide by the decision. He said that he had left the race with no ill-feeling.

"I had never made any formal announcement," said T. Scott Mayes, "and was only prospectively a candidate. I did not attend the meeting of the committee, although I was in the hotel. I am thankful to my friends for the interest they took in me. Ben Johnson is a strong personal friend of mine, and I did not feel like entering the race against him at this time. I am satisfied with the action of the committee. Everything was perfectly harmonious in the committee meeting. What was done suits me."

A telegram to Senator Harry Lancaster from Congressman D. H. Smith, announcing that he would not be a candidate for Congress, was read before the committee. The call for primary provides that in the event that but one candidate is announced and has paid his entrance fee of \$1,500 by May 17, 1906, as required, to Samuel T. Spradley, no primary shall be held.

The following resolution offered by H. C. Wood endorsing Mr. Smith's record in Congress, was adopted unanimously: Resolved, That this committee in behalf of the Democracy of this district, tender to the Hon. D. H. Smith, our present Congressman, its thanks and commendation for the courteous and efficient manner in which he has represented this district in the National House of Representatives.

LITTLE BEACH.

H. P. Lawrence bought a horse from Bob Hayes for \$117.50; also three hogs of W. D. Pudson for \$15.

Miss Lillie Cocanougher, who has been visiting her aunt in Indiana, has returned home.

Miss Vertie Head, of Vermont, Indiana, who has been visiting relatives here, has returned home.

The entertainment given at the home of H. S. Litsy was well attended and all report an enjoyable time.

Mr. G. W. Robinson, of Kirkland, was in our midst last week.

G. W. Cocanougher and James Murphy are able to be out again.

The sale of W. T. Head was well attended; everything sold well.

Farmers are beginning to sow tobacco beds and getting ready for breaking them ground.

Miss Jennie Litsy visited the family of Dave Yankee one day last week.

For Sale.

Nice piece of property—well located, \$5000 worth of improvements and 50 acres of land thrown in. Call for \$5,000. For further particulars see on McElroy & Wharton at once.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 Year

Jim Bludso.

Wall, no, I can't tell what he lives. Because he don't tell, you see; Leastways he's out of the habit of livin' like you and me. Whar' have you got for the last three year?

That you haven't heard folks tell How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks The night of the Prairie Bell!

He weren't no saint—neither engineer. Is pretty much alike— One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill. Another one here in Pike.

A keener man in his talk was Jim. An awkward hand in a row, But he never flunked, and he never lied— I reckon he never knowed how.

All boats have their day on the Mississippi. And day come late at last. The Movastar was a better boat. But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed. And she'd hold her nose along that night.

The oldest craft on the line— With a nigger squat on her safety valve. And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar. And burnt a hole in the night; And, quick as a flash, she turned and made.

Fire went wavin' bank on the right. There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out.

Over the infernal roar: "I'll hold here nuzzle again the bank! The last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat. Jim Bludso's voice was heard. And they all had trust in his cursed—

And knewed he would keep his word; And sure's you're born, they all got off.

Afore the smokestacks fell— And Bludso's ghost went up alone. In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment He seem his duty, a dead sure thing. Longside of some pious gentlemens.

That wouldn't shoo kids with him. He seen his duty, a dead sure thing. And went for it that then; And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard On a man that died for men.

—John Hay.

FOURTH DISTRICT

Legislators Oranize and Elect Claybrooke Chairman—Don't Want Butler

Kentucky State Journal: There is to be no further disagreement between the Third and Fourth district Democrats over Butler county. The Third has agreed to keep that county, after the stand made by the fourth members, and will get together and endeavor all the power at the next election to reduce the Republican majority in that county.

The Fourth district delegation in the Legislature held a meeting and formed a permanent organization. Representative W. D. Claybrooke, of Washington county, was chosen chairman of the body. All members gave full expression to their views on the redistricting question, and all were convinced that the Democratic supremacy in the district would be endangered by the addition of Butler to their district, especially since they have accepted Adair from the 11th district. Adair has a normal Republican majority of about 400, but the Third district leaders are confident that with a little work, they will be able to considerably reduce it.

Prominent politicians of the Third when informed of the decided stand taken by the Fourth members against Butler said that they would upon their suggestion vote to discontinue their support of Butler. They had simply sought some remedy by which the Democratic majority in their district might be increased, but they did not wish to jeopardize the chances of Democratic victory in any other district, and so would look for success from other source.

A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody are miney refunded. Only 25c at C. J. Haydon's drug store.

Engineers are surveying electric line between Paris and Mt. Sterling.

ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS!

Only a few more days remain for you to take advantage of our liberal clubbing offer. As is well-known to all of our readers we have been giving Farm and Fireside away to all persons who paid for The Sun one year in advance. We have also been offering The Louisville Daily Herald and The Sun for \$2. After February this liberal offer will be withdrawn. Come in, send in, or write to us before March 1.

THE SPRINGFIELD SUN.

BROOD MARES AND FOALS

In the feeding of brood mares and colts it is essential that the ration supplied contain a liberal allowance of protein and ash compounds. In the case of the brood mare which is suckling a colt or carrying the fetus she must in either instance furnish nourishment for the growing animal. This calls for bone and muscle producing material, writes A. J. Kennedy, Iowa experiment station, in Breeder's Gazette.

The weanling colt should be fed in such a manner as to produce a uniform development of all parts of the body, and this, too, calls for a bone and muscle producing ration. Bran, on account of its richness in both protein and ash matter, makes an excellent feeding stuff to use in this connection. There is perhaps no other feeding stuff which can be fed with as much safety as bran to mares and colts. It is advisable, however, to feed the bran in conjunction with some other feeding stuffs, such as oats and corn, due to the fact that bran is too bulky to supply the sole grain ration for animals of this nature.

A ration composed of equal parts bran, oats and corn by weight or three parts oats to two parts bran by weight, or equal parts bran and wheat shorts by weight will be found to give good results. It is not necessary to soak the bran, as when fed with the other feeding stuffs in the dry form good results may be obtained.

A brood mare of 1,000 pounds weight not doing work and receiving straw or corn stover for roughage should thrive well on a grain ration of ten or twelve pounds per day of any of the mentioned mixtures. Weanling colts should receive some nice bright mixed hay or clover which is free from dust for roughage and from three to five pounds per day of any one of the mentioned grain mixtures.

Should the colts not thrive well, as

would be indicated by a harsh dry coat of hair, low condition of flesh and lack of spirit, give them twice a week a steamed mash of bran, crushed oats or barley and a little flaxseed meal. A preparation of this kind should overcome all ordinary troubles. Some of the best British horse feeders use steamed mash with the grains for this purpose and obtain excellent results. Bran alone is too bulky for brood sows, but when fed with other grains will be found a very useful feeding stuff.

MACKVILLE.

It seems that most everybody is on the sick list. Mrs. Dick Isham is confined to her bed with neuralgia. Mr. Sam Arnold's children, who have pneumonia, are nicely improving.

There was a musical entertainment given at the home of Mr. John Harmon Saturday night which was largely attended and much enjoyed.

Thomas Lay and wife and Handsford Newby and wife spent Sunday with their parents.

Mrs. W. T. Barnett visited her parents at Texas Saturday.

Dr. W. T. Barnett and Ed Britton were in Perryville Saturday on business.

Mr. Jody Harmon, wife and little son, spent Saturday night and Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Harmon, of Jenkinsville.

Miss Annie Haydon was the guest of Miss Ida Bottom.

An Even Hundred.

Lebanon Enterprise: Marshall Mann, the young man who several weeks ago attempted to pass a worthless check at the store of Jno. B. Carille & Co., was tried in the circuit court this week and fined \$100.

The last hoghead of 1904 tobacco crop held in Mayfield sold Tuesday.

Under the Wreckage

Engineer Suffered Agonies Pinned Beneath Timbers.

He Jumped at His Locomotive Collided With Another, but Was Caught Beneath Overturned Cars.

Unable to believe that he was imprisoned minutes instead of hours and shuddering as he talked of the frightful experience of being pinned under tons of wreckage, Grover Henderson of Beardstown, Ill., the fast freight engineer who sawed his way out of the Burlington wreck at Wood Station, Ill., declared at St. Joseph's hospital, Alton, that he would never again enter an engine cab.

Henderson was stricken nerveless. To recall his fearful pain and peril fills him with repulsion.

Blinded with pain, Henderson, with his left leg pierced by the splintered

meet us at Wood Station. When we reached the station I saw what I thought was the second division on the side track.

"I remarked to my fireman, Anderson, that she was ahead of time and told him to blow the whistle twice. The other engine responded with two short toots, indicating that it was the second division. At that time George Anderson, brother of the fireman and head brakeman on my train, was standing in the cab. When we left Wood Station I pulled back the throttle and let the train out at about thirty-eight miles an hour. As we approached the curve where the two trains collided I was leaning from the cab window, as I was accustomed to do at that point, as a hill, which is very thickly covered with timber, obscures the tracks of the road beyond.

"Suddenly I saw the gleam of a headlight around the bend, and almost instantly the other engine shot into view. 'Jump, boys!' I cried, and reversed the throttle and applied the air brakes. The two engines had almost met when I closed my eyes and jumped from the cab. The fireman had jumped some two or three seconds before I did.

"I did not see Anderson, the head brakeman, but I learned afterward that he jumped sooner and from the other side of the cab.

"The two engines struck before I fell in the soft mud in the ditch. I never heard anything so loud as that collision. Box cars were pierced like paper, and timbers went thickly in every direction.

"When I recovered consciousness I could not move my head right or left. I could see nothing, and I was so cramped that my head almost touched my knees.

"I did not realize that I was injured until I gave my left leg a short jerk. The pains that shot through my body were agonizing. I screamed and writhed in agony, and as I felt my pinned leg with my free hand it came in contact with a jagged beam. I began to scream again, but screaming steamed from the engines drowned my voice. The minutes passed like hours, and it suddenly occurred to me that all the train crew had probably been killed and that I would have to lie there and die by inches. My head seemed about to burst from pain.

"I prayed for my life. Each moment I thought I could feel the great mass of broken timbers press me closer to the ground, and the fear of being crushed to death increased my agony. Jagged ends of iron seemed to be piercing me in the back, but I was afraid to raise myself upward for fear the wreckage would shift down and crush me.

"Afterward I found that I had been

lying on a bed of screws and bolts, the contents of one of the box cars.

"I heard some one cry out, 'Where are you, Grove?' I answered as loud as I could. I lay in a stupor while I heard some one forcing the timbers away from the small opening.

"The men outside couldn't reach the timber, and when the saw was brought Anderson handed it to me through the small opening. While the men on the outside encouraged and urged me on in my leg and my head, but I kept on until as the timbers parted I suddenly collapsed.

"I could not endure another such experience, and if I recover I will never pull the throttle on another engine."

Galveston's Sea Wall

makes life now as safe in that city as on the higher uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton St., in Waco, Tex., needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic Coughs, La Grippe, Croup, Whooping Cough and prevents Pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at C. J. Hayden's drug store. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

A Remarkable Record.

Lebanon Enterprise: Mr. Sam G. McElroy has an ewe which as a producer has a most remarkable record. Year before last she gave birth to three lambs and raised them. Last year she gave birth to three lambs and raised two of them, while last week the ewe gave birth to four lambs. Two of them have died, but the other two are living.

They are still trying to identify the skeleton of a man found near Jackson by parts of clothing about the bones. Indications are the man had been dead a long time.

Carriage Shop.

I am prepared to do all of your wood-work and repairing at the most reasonable price FOR CASH. Upholstering of all kinds done. Grain Cradles for sale. I also have one new shop-made buggy and spring wagon and one second-hand spring wagon. Buggy trimmings of all kinds on hand.

W. H. BOND,
Springfield, Ky.

Farms and Business Property FOR SALE

W. T. Ewing Real Estate Agency, Harrodsburg, Ky.

150 acres Anderson county Ky., near Sanna, improved and good \$3500. 150 acres Grant county Ky., excellent farm and bargain at \$22. 168 acres Mercer county handsomely improved; in grass ten years, at \$55. 154 acres Mercer county on river, a good farm at \$22.50. 240 acres, 2 miles railroad station, Mercer county, Ky., good improvements at \$40 (exchange). 150 acres well improved three miles from Harrodsburg, on Lexington pike, at \$75 (exchange). 56 acres, 3 miles Harrodsburg, on pike, in grass, 2 houses, \$2380. 184 acres six miles from Harrodsburg good grass farm at \$30 (exchange as part pay for larger farm) 18 acres poultry farm, near Burgin, \$1600.

Business Property.

Livery Stable at Harrodsburg and residence adjoining \$4700, rents for \$37 a month, or stable for \$3200. (Stable rented to January 1, 1907 at \$25 a month.) Store and dwelling in one block Railroad town Mercer county, no other fine trade, \$2500.

Also farms and other property of all kinds. I have buyers for Washington county farms. Write to me now and I will sell it.

FARMERS.

We have a full supply of all kinds of seed. Northern White Oats—The best, Clean Clover Seed, Timothy, Blue Grass, Etc. Our prices are always reasonable. When you want anything in this line give us a call.

PLOWS.

We are agents for the Oliver Chilled Plow for Washington county and Syracuse Hillsdale Plow. These are the best.

WELLS BROS.



"THE TWO ENGINES STRUCK BEFORE I FULLY." The engineer of the first engine sawed his way out of the wreckage.

So narrow was the space in which he had to work that the severed timbers appeared afterward as if they were gnawed off.

Henderson told the story of his escape to a St. Louis Post-Dispatch reporter.

"We received orders at East St. Louis that No. 80 would pass us at Wood Station in two divisions. When we reached East Alton the dispatcher handed me orders which read that the second division of train No. 80 would

THE SUN AND

Bryan's Commoner	Both papers 1 yr
Weekly Courier-Journal	1.50
Weekly Louisville Herald	1.25
Weekly American	1.50
Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer	1.75
Weekly Atlanta Constitution	1.75
Weekly St. Louis Republic	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Globe	1.75
Democrat	1.75
Three-a-Week New York World	1.75
Home and Farm	1.25
American Agriculturist	1.75
Country Gentleman	2.00
American Farmer	1.50
Breeders' Gazette	2.25
Farm and Fireside	1.35
Farm, Field and Fireside	1.75
Review of Reviews	3.25
Lippincott's Magazine	2.85
Scribner's Magazine	4.00
Ledger Monthly	1.75
Harper's Magazine	4.35
Harper's Weekly	4.35
Sunny South	1.50

Public Sale!

Horses and Mules

Wednesday, March 7, 1906,

at Wharton & Tapp's Livery-Stable in Springfield.

All persons having Horses or Mules to enter in this sale will see Wharton & Tapp or S. M. Campbell, Auctioneer.

WHARTON & TAPP.



Cloudy Vision

is a signal warning your eyes need looking after. Don't go to a blacksmith shop to get them fixed, but come to me. I give you a FREE EXAMINATION and tell you what's the matter and what you require. I fit you with the kind of glasses you need and won't charge high prices. My business is growing and it's because I know what people need and give it to them at moderate prices.

Jas. J. Graves

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Springfield Post Office for week ending February 14, 1906:

Lend Biskin, Willie Boon, J. J. Asbury, Nathan Green, Mrs. Josie Leachman, James Lester, Chas. Mattingly, Mrs. Kate Bass, Lizzie Osborn, Mrs. I. Scroggins, Smith, Bow & Downe, A. V. Smith, R. E. Whitfield, N. B. Wims, H. D. Willoughby.

W. A. WATKINS, Postmaster.

Shark Ate a Man.

It has sometimes been claimed that a shark will not attack a man and that the belief in the existence of man eating fish of this species is a superstition. Many stories have been told, however, in support of the idea that there are sharks which enjoy making a meal of a human being. On a recent



voyage to Sues a British steamer, the Syria, chanced upon the path of a big shark. It was caught from the deck of the steamer and pulled on board was found to contain a man's head, three hats, two fowls and a quantity of bones. The monster weighed 750 pounds.

It Costs Nothing

To find out for a certainty whether or not your heart is afflicted. One person in four has a weak heart; it may be you. If so, you should know it now, and save serious consequences. If you have short breath, fluttering, palpitation, hungry spells, hot flashes, if you cannot lie on left side; if you have fainting or smothering spells, pain around heart, in side and arms, your heart is weak, and perhaps diseased. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure will relieve you. Try a bottle, and see how quickly your condition will improve.

"About a year ago I wrote to the Miles Medical Co., asking advice, as I was suffering with heart trouble, and had been for two years. I had pain in my heart, back and left side, and had not been able to draw a deep breath for two years, and my whole system would collapse, and I could not lie on my side without suffering. They advised me to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and I did. I did with the result that I am better health than I ever was before, having gained 15 pounds since before. I have taken 12 bottles of the medicine, and haven't been bothered with my heart since."

MRS. LILLIE M. THOMAS, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

KENTUCKY WOMEN AND HENS.

(Louisville Herald.)

There are poets that, like some kinds of fowls, cockle too soon. The New York Sun has one, who, without the fear of heaven before his eyes or the love of the unregenerate heathen deity, planted in his heart, sees fit to address rhymes of ridicule to the Kentucky hen, and fails to sing due praises to Kentucky women. The woman of Kentucky is by herself a match for all the poets that ever fell from Parnassus. Reinforced by the Kentucky hen, she is quite capable of storming the heights of poetry's famous mount and carrying off captive all nine Muses. To no better clime, indeed, could suasive Caliope, charming Cho, winsome Euterpe, sweet Thalia, impressive Melopoe, graceful Terpsichore, tender Erato, plump Polymnia and star-eyed Urania come! If they do take up abode here, The Herald, with the potent assistance of Editor Gore, of The Springfield Sun, promises to see to it none safely domiciled in a good old Kentucky home.

No room, however, in all her broad domain, has Kentucky for the bold, bad poet who wrote in the New York Sun:

Down yonder in Kentucky,
Where the women are so fair
Their loveliness is sweeter
Than the picture of a prayer,
There are hens which are so thoughtless.

In an egg-producing way,
That they lay them on Sunday
Same as any other day.

And the women, bless their goodness,
Are neglecting now the men's
Shortcomings, and are turning
Their attention to the eggs
They know they can't reform them,
But feel it is a sin
To spend the money
That those Sunday eggs bring in.

Unless for some good purpose,
So the women have decided,
That the halcyon eggs
Shall contribute to the need
Of foreign missionaries.
And in this way make amends
For the direful desecration
Of those Sabbath-breaking hens.

Well answered is this pernicious poetic activity by the Kentucky hen and the Kentucky woman who owns the hen. Announcement was made, not long ago, from a Mercer county church that enough Sunday eggs have been sold to warrant sending four missionaries to Japan with the opening of glad springtide. From the Sunday laying hen's achievement on behalf of Japan it is estimated that before the end of 1906 the missionary society that has pinned its faith and future to the enterprising fowl will be able to send three or four egg-salaried missionaries to China. Has not the Kentucky hen a right to come, if the Kentucky woman so desires, an enlightener of heathendom? No poet can say her nay and command respect.

FEEDING HOGS FOR MARKET

The feeding of market hogs should be begun as soon as the pig will eat if it is to be done at the largest profit, writes H. P. Colby, a hog raiser in the Iowa Agriculturalist. Keep the pig growing from the very start.

This brings me to the next point, the health of the herd. I have been feeding hogs for a number of years and have had almost no losses, while all around me so called choicest have decimated one herd after another. Here are a few of the things I did and did not do which I believe kept our herds from disease:

Do not feed an extreme green corn diet. Do not crowd the young stock unnaturally. Keep clear water before them all the time. Keep the sleeping quarters clean and dry. Have good slats during the warm weather. Give the hogs salt and ashes, especially hard coal ashes, and an occasional dose of castor oil and sulphur in the feed. Be particularly careful about this with the hogs that are in the feeding pens. Keep the hogs and their yard in a sanitary condition and watch the herd carefully in order that no disease may get a start. All these points should be kept in mind, for they are the only effective measures against cholera and kindred diseases.

Our hogs have a good sized pasture with excellent grass. I keep them on this until about mid-November, when I feed them a slop made from some meal, such as ground corn, oats or rye. This is mixed with buttermilk when I can get it. I find it pays to buy buttermilk if I can get it before it is diluted with water.

The meal I use depends upon what I have. One of my iron bound hogs feeding stock is to use home grown feed.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year.

WEDDINGS

At Fredericktown.—Prominent Young People Join Hands and Hearts.

A very quiet wedding, indeed it was, which was performed at Holy Trinity church one day last, Father Pieter being the officiating minister. It was only when all was over that we learned that it happened Wednesday morning and that Richard Reynolds and Miss Della Hilton were the waiters. Mr. Vern Aubrey, the bridegroom, is a son of the old landmark, Wies Aubrey now dead, and is a hard working young man. Miss Annie Lizzie Fowler the charming bride of twenty-three winters only, is a daughter of Thomas Fowler of the Spalding neighborhood. Both very practical, went to housekeeping immediately after their matrimonial contract, and are now renting the property of Mr. Joe Connor at Fredericktown. Every one wishes the young couple all the happiness and good luck they deserve.

Another wedding took place Tuesday, February 13, at Rev. Pieter's residence at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Joseph A. Mudd and Miss Della Croake gave each other the mutual matrimonial promise, and the pastor of Holy Trinity church made them man and wife and touchingly reminded them of their duties to each other, from that day forward, for better or worse, in sickness and in health and until death did part them. The waiters here were Miss Myrtle Croake and Mr. Thomas Hamilton. Joseph A. Mudd is an enterprising young man, who lately bought a large farm on the Bardston and Bloomfield pike and he is bound to succeed. Miss Croake, the bride, will break the thorn of life for him and we all are sorry to lose the popular young couple.

Other weddings were announced. Richard Reynolds, son of John Reynolds, will marry Miss Mary E. Taylor and will make their home in the Spalding neighborhood.

Mr. James Ed. Hamilton, of the St. Rose neighborhood, will take unto himself a wife, Miss Lillie May Kidwell, of Blincoe.

Mr. Bennie Osborne will also soon make the matrimonial promises to Miss Ida Taylor. We wish them all, happiness and good luck.

Other important news, there is none, except that Mr. Leona Bowling and children visited Mrs. J. Hill, his grandmother, week before last for three or four days. Mr. Bowling is a storekeeper at Athertonville, in Nelson county, where he is liked by every one.

H. P. Mudd, who has been on the sick list for quite a while, is out again and feeling well.

The End of The World
of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago Kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles, blood disease, Headache, Dizziness and Weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by C. J. Haydon's drug store."

During February

The Springfield Sun and Farm and Fireside—both papers—one year for

\$1.00.

The Louisville Daily Herald

\$1.00 Extra

Or \$2.00 for all three papers one year.

Since extending this offer to our subscribers—commencing the first of last month—we have been doing an immense subscription business. We were so well pleased with the business done that we wrote to the Herald and Farm and Fireside and asked for a continuance through February. They granted it. After this month the offer will be withdrawn.

THE SPRINGFIELD SUN.

THE RITES OF SNAKE WORSHIP

Curious Customs Observed in India by People Who Reverence The Reptiles.

Serpent worship and the propitiation of snake divinities, which once spread all over Asia, will maintain a tenacious hold on the little native states of Cochin and Travancore, on the southwest coast of India. Here Hindus high and low revere the cobra as they did a thousand years ago, and it is considered a heinous crime to injure the reptile or neglect its interests.

In the district of Travancore alone there are between 15,000 and 20,000 shrines dedicated exclusively to the worship of snakes which possess extensive and valuable properties for their maintenance and for the cost of the ceremonies which the keepers have to perform from time to time.

In these shrines the Hindus set down fantastic ideas of serpents on a stone base and the shrine is protected by a mud wall. Householders to assure their welfare make offerings of dough and milk and cooked rice to the serpentine habitations of the shrine.

Every morning the king and queen of the serpents are bathed, and fruit and milk are offered to them, to be followed at noon by cooked rice and fried grain. On certain days the idols in grove and household temple are carried in procession to the house, where propitiatory offerings are made.

At famous snake festivals at Travancore the folk gather from all parts to join in the worship, bringing offerings of gold, silver, grain, pepper, spices, oil, sandalwood, silk and other things. The cost of the festivals is defrayed by the revenues of the paddy fields and gardens attached to the shrines. The natives also believe that snake bites in the neighborhood of these shrines never prove fatal. So that as it may, deaths from snake bites are very rare.



CHILDREN PLAY WHILE THEIR SERPENTINE FRIENDS SLEEP ABOUT.

many groves contain as many as thirty cobras, and the shrines in Travancore number between 15,000 and 20,000. The snakes of India are rarely aggressive, but generally keep to themselves, and being so kindly treated and benevolently attended, it is not astonishing that they become docile and harmless. All over Travancore the people

Do Not Keep Too Many Pigs.

It is a mistake to overstock your place with pigs or any other animals. Too many farmers in attempting to make money by increasing the number of animals do so at the expense of quality. An overstocked farm is not a profitable one. A farm that is overstocked is one that has more animals of any character than can be properly cared for or kept in a good, thrifty growing condition. Wherever the numbers interfere with the growth or with the attention that should be given them it is overstocked.—American Stockholder.

Breeding the Sows.

If the sows are in prime condition, good results may be had from breeding the first time they are in heat after the pigs are weaned, but if in low flesh better litters may be expected if they are not bred until they come in the second time.

Do Not Neglect a Cold.

Every cold weakens the lungs, lowers the vitality and makes the system less able to withstand each succeeding cold, thus saving the way for more serious diseases.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO TAKE SUCH CHANCES?

BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP

PERMANENTLY CURES Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Lungs.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW THAT BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP CONTAINS NO OPIATES, DOES NOT CONSTIPATE CHILDREN AND WILL POSITIVELY CURE COUGHS AND WHOOPING COUGH.

MRS. BALLIE LOCKBAR, Goldsboro, Tex., says: "We have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup in our family for several years and it always gives satisfaction. When the children had Croup and Whooping Cough it always relieved them. I would not be without it in the house, as it is the BEST MEDICINE we know of."

Best Remedy for Children. Every Bottle Guaranteed.

THREE SIZES: 10c, 25c and 50c.

BALLARD SNOW LINIMENT CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

C. J. HAYDON, Springfield, Ky.

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

(INCORPORATED)

Long distance lines and telephones of this Company enable you to talk almost anywhere in Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. We can put you in quick and satisfactory communication with the people of this great section of the country. We solicit your patronage. Rates reasonable. Equipments and facilities unsurpassed.

JAMES E. CALDWELL, President & Gen'l Manager.

LELAND HUME, Sec'y & Asst. Gen'l Mgr.

T. D. WEBB, Treasurer.

Cut In Two

That is what I have done to prices on all transfer work. Give me your work and "Old Rate" will deliver the goods. Every courtesy will be shown the trade, and all goods will be handled with care. I am going to give you a chance to get hauling done at your own price. Call on me or telephone me at the depot.

J. L. ALLEN.

SPRINGFIELD SUN

Wednesday, February 21, 1906.



ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION, -- ONE DOLLAR.
(In Advance.)

J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield, Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONE NUMBER 112.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year, \$1.00
Six Months, .60
Three Months, .35

In writing to have your address changed always give the postoffice to which your paper is going as well as the postoffice to which you wish it sent.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce
HON. BEN JOHNSON,
of Nelson county, as a candidate for Congress in the Fourth Congressional district, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, Saturday June 2, 1906.

MR. ENLOW'S PASS BILL.

Representative Enlow, from over in LaRue, has passed an anti-pass bill through the Lower House. The bill prohibits any member of the Legislature "riding on a pass." Ordinarily a law of this sort is all right—all right when it applies to "ordinary fellows," but what's to be done about these newspaper gentleman who are honorable members of the "Legislature" and who ride on passes paid for in "space"? "Tain't right, and we are afraid it will," force a lot of us to stay out of both Houses, "thereby robbing the people of Kentucky of the most excellent services of the 'country' editor in the halls of the General Assembly.

Just at this time Mr. Nicholas Longworth is a mighty big man—but the chances are it won't last long.

A Cold On The Chest



Is Always Uncomfortable
and Often Dangerous

This is the season for colds, and you will be wise to provide yourself with a bottle of "MENTHOLATED" Cough Syrup. Neglect of a cold in its early stages is worse than carelessness. A well-known lung specialist called it

Constructive Suicide

We guarantee that this cough medicine will quickly cure a fresh cold, and will relieve even the most obstinate cough of long standing. The price is only 25 cents per bottle. Lots of other kinds and other medicines here.

C. J. HAYDON
CORNER DRUG STORE

MR. JOHNSON AND MR. MAYES.

Hon. Ben Johnson, of Bardstown, will be the next Congressman from the Fourth district. Congressman David H. Smith has withdrawn from the race. Hon. T. Scott Mayes declines to enter the arena, the gentleman from Bullitt and the gentleman from Grayson have gone into "high timbers," and Ben Johnson is under the congressional tree with a great, long pole; the twig will be touched and down the persimmon will come. Thus the situation in the Fourth district is sized up to a "T-y-t."

The Sun is now for Mr. Johnson.

Had Mr. Mayes decided to enter the contest we would have supported him—would have stood by him through thick and thin—would have used every honorable means to have contributed to his election. Aside from being our countyman he has been a loyal supporter since The Sun was established in November, over one year ago, and we have never yet been guilty of forsaking a friend; a more contemptible thing no man can be guilty of; ingratitude is a terrible sin. Scott Mayes' prettiest trait is his love for his friends; he is as true to them as is the heart of steel to its encasements; he despises little things. He is big-brained, big-souled and full-hearted. He is a MAN! If he desires, and the Almighty spares his life, he will represent the Fourth district in Congress. We believe there are even greater things in store for him than a seat in the National Congress. Such men as he are needed in the councils of the nation.

But with Mr. Mayes out of the race we are for Mr. Johnson—heart and soul, determinedly and everlastingly. He is a good man to be for—and a very, very good man to have "for you," because so long as you are worthy he is "with you," and that's like having a dozen "wheel-horses" pulling for you. He has the steel in him—a ton or so—and he often whets it to do battle for a friend. A man may deserve no credit for being loyal to a friend, but in this age of grab-and-grasp it's a pretty thing, to see a fellow stand by those who have stood by him.

Ben Johnson can always be depended upon to the right thing—at least to do what he believes to be the right thing.

In this issue of The Sun he announces his candidacy for the nomination for Congress.

That County Unit bill stands about as much chance of becoming a law as a snow-ball would in rolling through a quarter of a mile of burning brush. If it can't be killed in any other way they'll shoot it with a "silver bullet."

The worst is now over.

Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth were married last Saturday.

Dan Sweeney, of Davies county, has never missed attending a funeral in his county when he was informed in time to get to it.

THE
Chaplin Water
Power Roller Mills
MAKES THE
BEST FLOUR
THE BEST MEAL

In Springfield and many other sections of Washington county our brands are sold. Buy them and get THE BEST.

D. B. SUTHERLAND,
CHAPLIN, KY.

INSURANCE. Insure in the Farmers Home Insurance Co. of Junction City, Ky. Only Co. in the State that makes any claim of paying in losses in full.



Overcoats.

A Few Nice Coats Left.

They must go, therefore, the prices will be greatly reduced.

Clothing.

We can also make you some special prices on clothing.



Rubbers and Men's
Heavy Shoes at Reduced Prices.

WE HAVE NOW ON SALE

Our New Spring White Goods, Linens, Embroideries, Laces, Long Cloths, Bleached Cottons, Cambrics, Sheetings, Etc. We invite you to call and see them.

Just received new stock of Lace Curtains, ranging from
50c to \$8.00 Pair.

ROBERTSON BROS.

SPARROW.

Quite a number from this community attended court at Bardstown last week.

W. R. Moore sold to H. H. Graham one sow and eight pigs for \$35.54. Graham sold same to W. P. Hays for \$40.

R. N. Vowles sold his noted saddle stallion, Billy Wilks, to Mr. Mullin, of Duganville, for \$200.

J. T. Hughes was in our midst one day last buying hogs.

Rev. J. A. Sims filled his regular appointment at New Fair Mount church last Sunday.

Dr. Gilbert, of Taylorsville, was called to see Mrs. W. R. Moore last Thursday, who has been confined to her bed for several months.

Miss Jappie Barnett has returned home after spending two weeks with Dr. Barlett and wife, of Mackville.

Miss Lizzie Vowles spent last week with her grandfather, H. B. Mitchell.

Rev. J. A. Sims spent Saturday night with W. C. Cammack and family. Mrs. Allie Barnett is out again after a brief illness of lung trouble.

Miss Amy Leathers was in this community one day last week prospecting for a singing school.

R. L. Clark was in our midst one day last week buying hogs.

Some of the farmers of this community have begun to burn tobacco beds.

Miss Nannie Cox, of Lawrenceburg, is spending a few weeks with Mrs. J. O. Wedd.

In Self Defense

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by Filer, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since."

Quickest healer of Burns, Sores, Cuts and Wounds. 25c at C. J. Haydon's drug store.

Willbur Long, ninety-nine years old, said to be the oldest white man in Central Kentucky, is dead at his home in Mt. Sterling.

NOTARY PUBLIC

ON MAIN ST., SPRINGFIELD, KY.
OPPOSITE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
In Jas. J. Graves' Jewelry Store.

Will draw Mortgages, Deeds and Contracts. All kinds of pension business a specialty. Have been in the business for thirty-five years.
THOS. J. GRAVES.

MOORESVILLE.

Mr. Ham Virgin is still confined to his room.

There was a small crowd out to hear Rev. Brodus preach at New Hope last Sunday.

Mr. John Kinder has moved to Springfield.

Mr. John A. Bobbitt has accepted a position in Springfield.

James Cull and family spent last week with his father at this place.

A great many tobacco beds have been burned.

Mr. John Snider visited Mr. Jeff Smith last Sunday.

Misses Ola and Emogene Gostley visited Miss Lyle Wall Saturday evening.

Misses Desaye and Eunice Weekley have returned home after a week's visit in Springfield.

Mr. William Sheeney and family, of Woodlawn, attended church at New Hope last Sunday.

Mr. Owen Ellis, of Vally Hill, visited his parents at this place Sunday.

Mr. Lloyd Yates is very ill with pneumonia, we hope he will soon recover.

Mr. Ham Piles and family, of Vally Hill, visited Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Settle last Sunday.

Mr. Otis Settle has returned to Louisville after a week's visit to his parents.

Mr. Albert Wall, of this place, and Miss Estell Rhodes, of Woodlawn, were married at Poplar Flat Sunday Wednesday February 14 at 7 o'clock p. m., in the presence of a large number of friends. It is said that this is the first wedding that ever occurred at the church. We extend congratulations.

Mr. Steve Colvin, of Springfield, visited friends in our community last Sunday and Monday.

Moore, Barnett Wall, George Moore, Owen Ellis and Frank O'Neal were in Bardstown last Monday on business.

Several of our young people attended church at Poplar Flat Sunday night.

Little Miss Sue Hill Lydians is visiting Misses Etta and Myrtle Croake, of Croakeville.

James Simms and family, of Valley Hill, visited Mr. James Reddicks and family Sunday.

Fruit growers of Trimble county have examined peach, pear, cherry and apple buds, and find every one killed. They give the little comfort, however, by saying there might possibly be a small berry crop.

A protest is going up in Falmouth against the transfer of Pendleton county from the Sixth to the Ninth Congressional district.

Grundy & McIntire

MAKE SPECIAL PRICES TO

Cash Customers!

Come to us with your cash; we will save you money.

"DRAW A KING"



And you will "fill in," and nine to one win the game. The same way, have us draw "one" load at a time of that SUPERIOR COAL of ours and "fill it in" your cellar, and 100 to 0 you'll beat old Boreas the winter through. It will be "a coal deal" Jack Frost can't trip you up on. Do it to-day. We're ready to fill your order.



I Have for Sale a few Thoroughbred White Leghorn and White Plymouth Rock Roosters.

**I PAY HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR HIDES AND FURS.
I WANT CHICKENS AND EGGS.**

"I PAY CASH."

M. H. JONES.

Local News Notes.

O'Bryan, Peters & Company shipped a load of butcher cattle last Friday.

The grand jury over in Mercer has recommended that a new court house be built.

Eighteen pounds of New Orleans sugar \$1. Very fine quality, and hard to get.
P. J. Thomas.

FOR SALE.—Three lots, each over 90 by 200 feet, within three squares of the Court House. For further information address
L. B. R.
Care of The Sun.

Born, to the wife of Sterling Thompson, of the Pleasant Grove neighborhood, on the 14th, a boy.

James Dean, one of Mercer county's prominent citizens, died at his home at Ebenezer, last week.

A good word from every one who wears the Hamilton & Brown shoe. Durable, handsome and comfortable.
P. J. Thomas.

Mrs. Kader B. Hutchins died at Harrodsburg after a brief illness of pneumonia.

The mule market is on a boom. They sold at \$425 to \$500 per pair the other day in Fayette county.

The administrator's sale of the stock and farming implements of the late William Clarkson was largely attended and everything is said to have brought fair prices.

Just received 25 dozen noted Hector whips; prices from a dime to \$1. Buy one and you will use no other.
P. J. Thomas.

Washington's birthday will be celebrated by the pupils of the Springfield Graded Common School at the Opera House to-morrow evening in a Declamatory Contest.

The Edwards Stock Company closed a week's engagement at the Opera House here last Saturday evening. The show, in many respects, was a good one. They presented some interesting plays.

I have many great bargains aside for Saturday 24, Monday, County court day. Come in and let me show you.
P. J. Thomas.

Mr. Thos. Graves has a Notary Public's notice in this issue. Read the advertisement and if have any work to be done in his line call to see him. The work will be properly executed at the right price.

A meeting of the Masonic lodge of Williamsburg will be held at that place next Friday night. A large attendance is very much desired.

On next Sunday morning the pastor of the Baptist church will commence a series of sermons the topic of which will be as follows: "Why am I a Christian," "Why am I a Church Member," "Why am I a Baptist."

Mr. James Hagan, of near town, shipped his tobacco to Louisville and received 73 cents. Mr. Hagan considers this price very good, when compared to the price some of the farmers have been receiving. He had 7,000 pounds.

WANTED.—A good man to act as local agent for a first-class monument house. Will give a good man a good contract.
Address M. J. METCALF, Lebanon, Ky.

COUNTY COURT DINNER.—On next Monday, the ladies of the Springfield Baptist church will give a dinner at the Thurman & Thompson building, opposite the Opera House. The proceeds will be used in purchasing a new carpet for the church.

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—T. Scott Mayes was in Frankfort and Louisville Sunday and Monday on business.

—Miss Florence Hamilton is visiting Mrs. John L. Barber.

—Mrs. C. A. Green entertained at euchre Monday afternoon.

—Mr. P. J. Thomas was in Louisville Monday on business.

—Mr. George Begemann was in Louisville the first of the week on business.

—Misses Mattie Smith and Mollie Jarboe, of Lebanon, were here one day last week on business.

—R. H. Ecken, of Bardonia, has returned home after a visit to relatives here.

—Miss Louise Settles, of Maud, was the guest of Miss Dora Royalty last week.

—Mrs. Willard Thompson was called to Corbin by the illness of her sister.

—Tom Funk, of Louisville, attended the funeral of his cousin, Miss Annie Peters, last week.

—Mrs. Fred Manget, of Louisville, has returned home after a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lewis.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Clements, of Lebanon, were guest at the home of Mr. John Smith Saturday and Sunday.

—Messrs. E. S. Mays, Jr., and Dudley Wells were in Winchester the first of the week on business.

—Miss Miranda Tucker visited Miss Rose Cleaver, of Lebanon, last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McChord are in Frankfort this week.

—Robert Marks, formerly of Springfield but now of Louisville, was visiting his parents Sunday.

—Mrs. Bickett, of Lebanon, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Annie Johnson, near town.

—Miss Katie Shumty and Dr. Crum, of Fredericktown, were here last week.

—Miss Myrtle Price, who has been quite sick with pneumonia for some time, is improving fast.

—J. M. Edwards, wife and children, of Lebanon, visited H. S. Tyler Sunday.

—Miss Bessie Settle, of Maud, visited Miss Emily Russell last week.

—Miss Bessie and Margaret Leachman are visiting in Louisville this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Mays, Sr., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. John Mahon, of Lebanon.

—Miss Nancy Simms has returned from Louisville where she has been for treatment.

—Miss Kate Wharton entertained a few of her friends at Finch Tuesday evening.

—Dr. Jim Green is visiting his sisters, Mrs. J. C. McElroy and H. R. Thompson.

—The little child of Mr. M. H. Jones, reported ill last week, is much better and it is thought will soon be well.

—Mr. T. J. Graves, of this place, was in Mercer county yesterday on business. He was accompanied by Mr. T. E. Slaughter.

—The little child of Mr. W. T. Condon, which suffered a stroke of paralysis as a result of stomach trouble, is now much better.

—Miss Lucille Lossen has returned to her home in Bardonia after a visit to Mrs. H. D. Stiles.

—Mrs. A. H. Robertson, of Bardonia, is visiting relatives here.

—Mr. Booker Sansbury, of Louisville, visited his mother after a visit to the city.

—Mr. John Buster, of Harrodsburg, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Robards.

—Miss Blanche Carrio, of Harrodsburg, is visiting Miss Fannie Smith.

—Miss Addie Lampton, of Harrodsburg, is visiting at the home of Dr. Lampton here.

—A pleasant euchre was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Kelly, near town, Friday night. Master E. O. Kelly won the visitors prize.

—Mrs. J. B. McAttee and Miss Essie Spalding, of Lebanon, were visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wathen last Monday.

—Mrs. Maggie Bickett, of Lebanon, came over yesterday to attend the Johnson-Osborn wedding. She is visiting Mrs. Anne C. Johnson.

—Messrs. Will and Milton Roney, Will Spaulding, Misses Hettie Spaulding and Mary Able, of Lebanon, attended the funeral of Mr. Jack Spaulding.

—Miss Blanche Bonta, of Mt. Zion, spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, Mrs. S. H. Bishop.

—A picture of Mrs. E. A. Cox and her pretty baby appeared in Saturday evening's Times.

—Mr. A. L. Wheatley, of Kansas City, who is in the county visiting friends and relatives was in town yesterday. He will probably return to Kansas City next week.

—Misses Susie Pope and Regina Ruid, two of Washington county's best teachers, went to Lexington this week to take special courses in teaching.

—Mrs. Martin, of Louisville, who has been spending the winter with her father, W. H. Leachman, has returned home.

—Mrs. Edward Barrett, who was with the Edward Stock Company during their engagement at the Opera House here last week, is stricken with typhoid fever at the Colvin House at this place.

—Mrs. T. D. Wells entertained a few of her young friends at Finch last night. Those present were: Misses Kate and Annie Mayes, Annie McChord, Florence Hamilton, Lydia Duncan and Sadie Mayes. Messrs. H. M. Grundy, Frank Mayes, Marshall Duncan and Rev. W. H. Williams.

In a report Thursday afternoon the grand jury stated that its room in the courthouse is not free from eavesdroppers and spies, says the Harrodsburg Democrat, and complained that the secrets of the grand jury room had been given out, to the end of defeating justice. It demanded that arrangements be made to protect future grand juries from such impositions.

A BENEFIT.—A play will be presented by local talent at the Opera House about the first of March for the benefit of Mrs. Barrett, who is ill of typhoid fever at the Colvin House. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, as stated in another part of the paper, were here last week with the Edwards Stock Co. The play will be under the direction of Mr. Barrett.

Nellie Florence Spaulding, the thirteen year old daughter of Davey Spaulding, of color, died on last Friday, after an illness of over two years. Davey Spaulding and his wife are industrious and well-known colored people, and they have the sympathy of all in the loss of their child. The deceased was a member of the Catholic church. Burial at St. Rose.

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Roll'd Oats,	Evaporated Apples,	Spaggetti,
Oat Meal,	Navy Beans,	Grits,
Tomatoes,	Macaroni,	Corn,
Mackerel and White Fish, loose and in Kits,		
N. O. Molasses, Sorghum, Caramel, Etc.		

Johnson & McCabe.

The Adventurers.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

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"Well, there's an end," said Montgomery, with a sigh, and "fancy me, we were all of the same opinion in that early blast of despair."

The treasure was gone, and he must be a sharp fellow indeed who could discover its hiding place throughout the district of the Gwent or maybe within the borders of the kingdom. Sheppard was the first to slay in the way out of our deadly apathy.

"I am not going to see it stop here, Ned," he said, with determination, "and that's the truth. That treasure must be somewhere, and we've got to find it."

"I say, 'dillo to that," cried Montgomery stammering, leaving a sign of resolution.

"If we could narrow the field," I said, "I should be glad to do it. They can't have got it far. How many days is it? Why, they can't have got the money out at all one shot; otherwise they would not have kept you locked up. I'll go back that the last was fetched out only last night, if as early as that. And, if so, the treasure is not very far from the castle."

"Some of it may be in London," I answered moodily.

"Why, mind you, I don't admit it. But say it is so, there must be something still about the Gwent, and we've got to run it down. I think, from what you say, you're sure of getting by your flitting with the vicar. It is evident that they wished to keep you a little longer, no doubt until they had disposed of the treasure under our noses."

"You are right, I believe," I replied. "Why did they want to keep me? Not because they had not the treasure, but to prevent an alarm. And yet the motive was not strong enough that they dared risk a misunderstanding with Morgan. Yes, you're right, I suppose. But the Gwent is wide enough, heaven knows."

"Come, we have reached one point," said Sheppard, "where we can do no more on reflection. Don't let us give it up. Is this treasure likely to be anywhere about the land?"

"There is the barn," said I, "and the stable lofts, and there are the cellars."

"Oh, Ned, there is everywhere," growled Sheppard. "We might watch, if they haven't got it away," suggested Montgomery, with some hesitation. It was not often that he intervened in our counsels, but his intervention was now to the point.

"Good!" said Sheppard, smacking him on the shoulder.

"Watch is the word. We've hitherto kept our watches in the best manner. We must now merely transfer them to where the treasure has gone."

"Where is that?" I asked.

"Let us say the Woodman," replied Sheppard, smiling.

"A very much more dangerous duty," I said slowly.

"Dangerous! We thrive on danger," said Sheppard gayly. "Anyhow, let us break up the conference and take an airing. There's nothing to keep us up in the castle, and hence we are in no need of drawbridges. It is we who are the assailants."

"That reminds me," I put in, "I found the drawbridge down when I came in just now."

Sheppard winked. "My dear boy, if you'd had to answer all my awkward questions I have had to hear the last three days you would have let down the drawbridge in despair."

"Jones?" I queried.

"Jones? It is the majesty of the law, and unfortunately suspicious law it is."

"It was very early in the afternoon, and there might be time to put a point up on our resolutions. This thought ran in our heads, all three, we turned down the road that led to the Woodman."

Sercombe was sunning himself before the door of the inn, seated in a comfortable chair beneath the swinging sign. As we came abreast of him he looked up and greeted us.

"Good day, gentlemen," he said cheerfully. "I'm glad to see you back, Mr. Grenton. We heard that you had disappeared, and were beginning to be anxious about you."

"The amazing impudence of the man took away my breath, but I managed to recover and say:

"Yes, I have been taking a little holiday; private business, you know, captain."

"(Ah) said he, shaking his head. 'I wish I had the time. But I had better make most look after themselves. I've my own hand on hand.'"

"I sympathize with you, Captain Sercombe," said Sheppard, "but I never could slide business. But I think I understand to what you refer—had business, a very bad business. Sercombe studied him attentively. You seem to know a great deal, my dear sir," he replied.

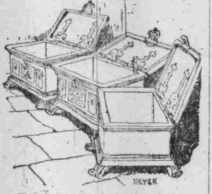
"I know, and you know that I know, that you have the heaviest team to drive uphill that ever man undertook," said Sheppard, watching him.

"Maybe," said the captain after a pause. "Life's not all beer and skittles, gentlemen. Perhaps you're right. I don't say you're wrong. But I don't say that I, well, it's a pity we couldn't have fixed an arrangement together earlier."

"He spoke so freely that I inferred he was not any longer in the fear of Hood, which seems for us that Hood was ab-

sent. He absent, looking after the treasure? Upon consideration I decided that this was unlikely; otherwise Sercombe would not be resting so comfortably in his chair. The two could have dared not trust one another. In that case the only way that the treasure lay in the Woodman, and here were Sercombe, and at their side a Gwent; two, keeping guard upon it. This was all I wanted to know, and, having gained this information, I decided it time to retire. You will think me rash in my conjectures, but you must conceive that in the game we were playing it was necessary to come to a conclusion quickly, and I had learned to come to a conclusion in the slightest evidence. Anyhow, I gave the signal for retreat, and back we went to the castle in a few minutes, so as to avoid any suspicious on the part of the captain.

Night was the occasion I wanted, and it was for the fall of dark that we waited with great impatience. Sheppard agreed with me that the treasure



The chests were here of treasure.

in the treacherous place, probably in the cellars. The two thieves would secure it against one another. I admit that I entertained little hope of cutting out the treasure under the noses of these men. On the other hand, it would be difficult to say what I really did anticipate or aim at in this nocturnal expedition. I think we all felt that we could not impose our minds to rest and an imperturbable indifference. We must be upon our legs and bustling about some business, even though it should prove the veriest moonshine, and I believe, too, that a notion was current among us that we might by some felonious device or by some hero effort accomplish something under the cover of darkness, if we might not actually wrest from its abominable holders the gold and jewels of the treasure. At 10 o'clock we three were gathered within the shelter of the deep thick before the Woodman. Montgomery had taken up his position there by light, but reported that there had been no movement in the inn.

Within our circle of vantage we rested, keeping the interest of the foliage upon the Woodman. The windows gleamed with light, but beyond that there was no mark of life. Half an hour went by in this way, and then a sound of voices rose from the inn, and presently there emerged from the doorway two men, who stood in conversation for a few minutes before the house. It was too dark to make them out distinctly, but one I set down as Hood. After a time they separated. Hood, as I supposed him to be, returning into the inn and his companion walking down the road away from us. If we were to effect anything, his man must be followed, and I whispered as much to the others, determining to take the duty on myself. Slipping through the copse, therefore, I struck downward through the fringe of wood that bordered the road. My progress was naturally slower than that of the man I was tracking, and soon I was surprised to lose the sound of his feet. But a moment's reflection convinced me that he had turned off the roadway and was proceeding, like myself, through the forest. This conviction became certainty a little later, when, pausing to resolve upon my direction, I heard the noise of breaking sticks ahead of me and a brushing among the foliage. Guided by these sounds, I shifted my path and went forward, and I imagine now that the man must have heard the step as I had news of him in the wood and that he knew he was being followed. At the time I thought myself undisturbed, for I moved with slight noise. Yet what happened was this: I suddenly ceased once more to hear tidings of him, I paused and waited, but the valley (for we were now winding into the bottom) was stagnant with silence, save for the purring stream in the distance. Slowly and cautiously I pushed on and came out into a more open space, where I stood silent, waiting again. I had never heard there, still and attentive to all the tiny raptures of the nocturnal quietude, for more than half an hour. But I heard nothing of my man, and so in some disgust I resolved to abandon the pursuit. Retracing my steps, I climbed up to the road and re-joined my companions in the thicket. I found Sheppard in what for him was a bad temper.

"Our sport is being spoiled," he said impatiently, and to my questions added: "Jones?"

"What he is about?" I asked.

"Apparently on the same errand as

ourselves," he observed.

I considered. "We'd better go back," I said. "The less Jones sees us is the better, and besides, he'll get our work for us."

"I think we all welcomed the suggestion, for we were all slightly vexed of the game, but we returned to the castle in some chagrin. Sheppard pulled at his pipe for some time in silence. 'Well, what do you think of it?' he queried after a time.

I shook my head. "I felt better this afternoon,"

"So did I," he returned.

"You're not going to give up?" asked Montgomery.

We both laughed. "Not yet!" I said. "There's plenty of time for despair." "Well, we'll consider the position tomorrow," said Sheppard, yawning. With which we went to bed, and I for one slept like the graveyard dead.

I rode into Raymond next morning with Montgomery, taking the road upon the corner side of the castle, away from the Woodman, upon which Sheppard promised to keep his eyes. I was anxious to discover what progress Jones had made in his investigations, and, moreover, I felt slightly uneasy as to our own posture in the affair. Had the law got wind of us? And were we contented in Jones' mind with the mysterious transactions of the Gwent?

As luck had it, we did not find Jones, who had returned to Raymond very early in the morning, but had been hastily summoned back into the Gwent after breakfast. He had, my informant imagined, crossed us, but I accounted for not meeting him by the new route we had taken. Therefore, none the wiser for our excursion, we turned the horses homeward, and, climbing the hill beyond the river, clattered down into the forest.

We had ridden halfway to Lindelham when Montgomery's mare fell lame, and he dismounted to examine her shoe. As he was engaged for some time in the occupation, I pulled my nag into the shade of the big trees by the way and waited for him. Throwing myself off, I put my arm through the bridle and walked over to the margin of the wood, where the grass grew abundantly, now fading a drab yellow under the magnificence of the autumn. The road here took a sharp bend and in the act of abrupt peninsular or headland of copse stood out from the main continent of forest. As my horse nibbled at the grass I heard a noise of wheels in the distance and passing through the tangle along the highway. Down from Lindelham a trap was being driven furiously toward me, at the rate at which it rolled was prodigious, and clouds of dust flew up and enveloped horse, vehicle and driver in their course. Thinking that this must be a runaway, I slipped the bridle over the horse's neck, and, calling to Montgomery, leaped into the saddle and turned the corner to meet it. As I did so the carriage, which was of a rude, screeching type common in the country, was plainly visible to me, and to its occupant. What astonished me was to see him raising his whip through the smoke of dust, in act to strike fiercely at the flanks of the animal, and the next second he stopped, dropped the whip, and, as it seemed to me, reined in his horse. At all events, the pace was now much slower, and the comfortable amble. While I was wondering on this curious maneuver the driver drew near enough for me to notice the driver, and, to my astonishment, I saw that it was Hood.

His face was all a sweat and grimed with dust, and plainly he had been sweating the last ounce out of his beast, as the saying is. Why, then, did he pull up on so long a way? A flow of thoughts rushed through my brain, but it was not until he came well abreast of me that the inspiration seized me. He made as if to pass, lightly touching his hat, but by a sudden movement I wheeled my horse across the road and barred his way. Had he been guided at his previous into I confess that I should have thought twice ere I took this hazard; but as it was, there was no harm done. Hood himself, taken by surprise, pulled back and jerked his left rein, sending the beast toward the ditch. I cried to Montgomery and, leaning over, caught at the reins.

"It's all up, Hood," I said. "You're done now this time."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said he, staring at me. "I was going to Raymond."

"Yes, and I dare say you were," said I. "But now you're going to the castle."

At that moment Montgomery came up, leading his mare, and took in the situation. Rung round, he held his other rein. Hood looked from one to the other.

"This is highway robbery, gentlemen," he began.

"Call it what you will," I replied, with nonchalance. "Montgomery, I'll trouble you to keep into that carriage."

At the words Hood's eyes shot with a malignant light, and his nostrils curled and shivered like those of a vicious horse. The next second he sprang from his seat across the horse's back and leaped at my throat with his open knife. My horse plunged and took the blow at his shoulder, which was ripped open in a red gash. Then, without a sound, Montgomery plucked the ruffian to the earth. It was not the first time that he had felt the grip of those great arms, and he lay still, underfoot in the dust.

We had been so engrossed with the incident that we had not noticed the sound of an approaching horseman, and now his voice broke in upon us, startling us.

"Thank you kindly, gentlemen. I am obliged to you," he said, and there was Sercombe, very red and very dusty, but with a twinkling smile struggling over a grave and anxious face. Hood got to his feet at once.

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L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily No. 48.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield.....	8:25 p. m.	12:40 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown.....	7:30 "	11:50 a. m.	5:52 "
Arrives at Bardstown Junction.....	8:20 "	9:20 "	5:42 "
Leaves Louisville.....	6:00 "	7:30 "	4:10 "

Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44.
Leaves Springfield.....	5:25 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:20 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown.....	6:17 "	8:00 "	2:20 "
Leaves Bardstown Junction.....	7:03 "	8:45 "	4:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville.....	7:55 "	9:35 "	5:45 p. m.

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THE SUN and Daily Herald \$2

The Adventurers

By H. B. MARriott WATSON
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"The racket gave me the shill," said Sercombe, "but I had much in your debt for stopping him."

"Ah!" said I. "That's the story, is it?"

It is extremely odd, and I recall the fact now with some sense of discomfort, but this sudden appearance of Sercombe and the evidence that he had been chasing Hood completely got my reckoning out. The events had turned things topsy turvy for the time, nor did I realize at once that we were still antagonists, opposed upon the possession of the very treasure which I had conceived, was concealed in the carriage. But if I was late in coming to my wits, not so Hood. He had quarreled with Sercombe privately, but he against us was to the captain's partner, and sliding up to him, he whispered a few words. Sercombe nodded, and even I had time to observe all this property he had edged his horse between the carriage and myself and pulled forth a revolver.

"Very sorry, Mr. Greator," said he, pointing it at me. "It seems an unfortunate return, but upon you and me can't help it. I'd a devil's sight sooner get the barrel elevated, but there it is—we are such creatures of fortune." He grinned pleasantly, and I could not refuse to recognize it. So, after the first start of consternation, I made the best of it.

"Delighted to be of service to Captain Sercombe any time," I said. "And now, as I presume we are all going the same way, we shall have the pleasure of your company."

"That's right," he observed. "Hood, drive ahead, not too fast this time." And the innkeeper, who had now resumed his placid air, obeyed him. He jogged along together, conversing easily, but the captain kept an eye upon us, riding a little to one side and holding a hand ostentatiously in his pocket.

In this manner we rode through Llan-fan and drew near to the Woodman. Sercombe turned and spoke to me.

"I reckon," he said, "that you'll want to know where those chests are?"

"I reckon I have that chance now," said I.

"Faith, and you're right!" he remarked, gnawing his moustache in some perplexity. Hood never swerved in his course, and I tell you I kept a sharp watch on him. He drove up to the door of the inn and, throwing the reins on the horse's back, jumped down. And now the adventure began to promise greater interest even than I had.

I racked my brains to guess what way they would try for an exit to this blind alley. But in the midst of my speculations I heard a shout, and there was a crowd of people before the door of the Woodman, and immediately upon our arrival we were halted with excited shouts and then with a shout and the others followed suit. As I did so I perceived Jones, the police sergeant, elbowing his way toward me through the throng.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Is that Captain Sercombe who came with you?" he asked.

"Yes, yes. But what is it?" I repeated impatiently, for the ominous faces about me alarmed me with strange fears. Jones made a motion to go, and then turned to me.

"David Williams," he said formally, "a man employed by you, Mr. Greator, was found at 8 o'clock this morning stabbed to death in the lower Gwent."

CHAPTER XVII.
HIS sergeant turned on his heel as he spoke, and strode off toward the door of the inn. A ghastly sensation of physical fear, as though I had been detected in the act of assassination, overwhelmed me and left me starting with my jaw down. Then I ran after Jones, calling upon him and following my way through the throng. Sercombe stood for a moment conspicuous in the doorway, and then he vanished. But Jones, being a small man, was swallowed up among the crowd. I caught sight of Montgomery standing apart by his horse and hailed to him. He hastened for me, and then he pushed through to me.

"Find Jones," I said hurriedly. "Williams is dead—murdered by this bloody gang. Oh, there he is!" And we reached him simultaneously.

I pressed my questions home, and Jones, beckoning to one of his men who stood by, lent him an ear to me.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "I will attend to you directly," and whispered some order in the officer's ear. The man made his way through the throng and disappeared. "Yes, sir," said Jones. "A little way from the stream we found the body, first discovered by a man, Lewis, going to work. Evidently attacked by more than one person, but the corner will determine that."

"See here, Jones," said I, "can I see you later?"

He looked at me with his sharp, uncompromising eyes. "Yes, sir, I dare say you will want your own horse," he said. "All right," I answered, and, turning to Montgomery, "Come, we'd better get back. There's nothing to be got from him at present."

Montgomery pulled my arm. "Hood!" he whispered.

I started. The idea flashed upon me

in a distasteful light. "To be sure," I said, "I had forgotten it. We hurried out of the knot of stragglers. The carriage and Hood were gone!"

This discovery brought my wandering senses together. We had been duped again and that by a sheer accident, of which Hood had cunningly taken advantage. I had not prepared my own disappointment. Montgomery informed me apologetically that he had tried to keep his eye on the carriage, but that his suspicions had taken him from his post. We inquired eagerly among the bystanders, but that was of little avail. One or two had seen the carriage drive off, and those all agreed it had taken the road to the castle. The fatality of these inquiries soon dawned on me. It was not so that Hood should be taken, and I went back to Jones with my news.

"If you want the real murderer," I declared, "you will find him on the top of a carriage driving somewhere between here and Abercromby."

The sergeant stared at me.

"Hood," said I.

Jones smiled. "What evidence have you, sir?" he asked, pulling out his note book.

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I have defended against a pack of ruffians what certainly is not a robbery, and what, so far as it is any one's, is ours, or, rather, yours. We have drawn blood in the encounter, but nothing has been lost. I will confess to you both that I am of a squishy temper myself, and that I felt myself wronged when I was so suddenly and so unexpectedly assailed. And as for this last affair, there's no denying its gravity. It has the nature of a tragedy—that's a fact, but which do we infer? You and I meet a fate destined for one of us. We take our chances, but Providence designs otherwise. Williams is dead; I fear that will weigh, understood him for a man of spirit and pluck. Hood's soul, but by whom was he killed? By these very cutthroats against whom we are conspiring. There's another reason, and if you like, a more potent reason, why we should continue. Williams' dead body does not stand between us and the treasure, and especially if we aim at two ends. Justice will be measured out by your pursuit. You will think I speak like a madman, but I am talking sense. That is how it appears to me.

"You are wrong," I said. "It is not emotionally that I speak. On the contrary, I am guided by reason."

"I agree with what Greator says," he answered sturdily. "Let us go on and finish the brutes. They're done for Williams' chop! It's time we did for them."

Sheppard burst into gentle laughter, and I, too, could not forbear smiling at the boy's confidence of mind.

"There, you see, Ned," said Sheppard slyly, "your eloquence has convinced Montgomery, and I must reluctantly believe it. I am all for your plan, I signed."

"We must needs be governed by the majority in these democratic times," I said.

"I take your hint," I said quietly.

"But I am entitled to ask if you have duly considered."

"I have, Ned," he said gravely. "And you, Montgomery?"

"I am anxious to go and ready to face the results," replied the lad.

"So be it," said I, and thereafter I never reverted to the subject. Having once made up my mind that we must go forward, I threw myself into the business with alacrity. Sercombe was believed, we learned that day, that the police were searching for him. The treasure also had disappeared, and only Hood remained—silent, docile, and, I knew, implacable.

He deceived Jones so deeply that the poor fool imagined the innkeeper was his ally, and I dared not enlighten him for my private reasons. Moreover, I do not think that he would have paid me any attention. He thought he knew me, and as he had picked out Sercombe for suspicion, and even now, as I understood, held a warrant for his arrest, he had in the same obstinate belief refused to listen to me.

Nay, more; it turned out that the ex-valet must have poisoned his mind against our party. What passed between them I have no means of guessing, nor what was the nature of the suspicion he attached to us, but I began to see at once that we were living under a cloud. The news came to me in a most unpleasant form with a visit of Mr. Langell, the squire of the neighborhood. The justice whom we had already seen.

Obviously he came to question us upon Williams' movements, but his manner was such that it incensed us, and ere he left he spoke frankly in his mild and pompous way.

"I will not conceal from you, Mr. Greator," he said severely, "that this is a light matter. The events circling about the castle have become current gossip. They have set the countryside aflame. No man has an hiding of the truth, but all suspect. I should do wrong not to inform you that you do not come honorably out of these events. There are black spots upon the specious narrative you have woven to this. This is the center of disturbance. For generations the Gwent has been as peaceful as a garden, and of a sudden this breaks out, not once or twice, but through a continuous chain of mysteries. I hope I do you wrong, but I can conceive no answer to the problem save in the house itself."

"My dear sir," said I, forcing a note of sarcasm, for I liked the old man very well. "I can assure you that I have done well to trust to your detectives, of whom you say you are not one. I am obliged for your kindly offices, which I believe are well meant, but as I have a legal mind you will excuse me if I cannot follow you in your attempt to condemn the criminal with his victim. The castle is attacked by some soundly-dreaded apparition, the castle is to be slain. My man is murdered in the forest—forthwith, I am to blame. Upon my soul, sir, I begin to have some doubts as to your qualifications for your office."

The old gentleman had no skill in retort, and my sharp rejoinder, which he took as it was with logic, confounded him. But though he made no defense, he withdrew nothing of his statement and departed with much ceremony.

Sheppard pulled a mock face. "We look like ending in an execution dock, Ned," he said. "I begin to follow your arguments."

"Oh, this is a trifle," I answered impatiently, being yet under the sting of

my abasement. "They have nothing against us, and I can't control the tongue of a madman or a woman's try. As we have come to a conclusion, let us get to work."

"But what good advice?" echoed Montgomery cordially. "Let us get on Sercombe's trail!"

"We must beat the Gwent," said Sheppard emphatically.

"Anyhow," he said, "we should do something," I cried in despair.

"Very well," returned Sheppard slowly, "it is now within an hour of dinner. We had better start on a party of exploration after we have fortified our stomachs and are comfortable. Strong winds, loud, sound in the wind and in a stormy spirit, I feel like making a night of it."

"We have a bad precedent in our former expedition," I remarked slyly.

"Oh, shut up, Ned," he said sulkily. "Are we going on or not?"

"Yes, you are right," I answered to that protest. "I beg your pardon. We have decided to go on."

CHAPTER XIX.
FOR CASTLE, as I have explained more than once, was perched upon a steep hill, and was very much walled in by the Gwent. Beyond it and still farther west the descent descended into neither valleys nor into the heights that crown the western precipices of the Gwent.

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changing my feet, a twig cracked in the forest, and there came a noise, as of feet among the dry leaves.

"What shall we do?" he asked.

"To say the least," I had no idea, but it was plain that if we had been seen, concealment was of no further use, and if we had not, that the spy could not now discover us through the undergrowth. So we resumed our path rather speedily, and caught up with Sheppard. He came to meet us in a state of excitement, laying his arms upon our shoulders and drawing our heads toward him.

"Hood, as I live!" he cried in a whisper.

"Did you see him?" we both spoke at once.

"Yes, he came from behind me, and crossed just in front. I had barely time to fall, and the light just took him in the eyes. We're safe now."

Our hearts were full of triumph, and we pushed on with no more talk. It was possible that he had not seen us, but I doubted that. If he had, he would have followed us forward with greater speed. We were now, however, upon his track, and we were startled each and every man loosened his pistol and kept himself for the eventual encounter. That Hood would show fight I had no doubt, and it was more than probable that he would endeavor for us. We must be on the watch for treachery. We wound along the track for the better part of an hour, now getting news of the enemy and gaining leave space for them to get away when our neighborhood seemed in peril of discovery. We had agreed to postpone the attack until the party reached the castle, but Hood had not us (and I was now disposed to believe that he had not that goal would eventually be the hiding place of the treasure). This was how we comforted ourselves, and upon this faith our spirits rose to a high pitch.

By this time we had lost count of our direction in the innumerable windings of the path, but apparently we were now mounting a hill, and I judged that it lay somewhere to the south of the castle and toward the southern through the Gwent. We were proceeding with our customary diligence and precautions when a noise of feet stamping on the earth assailed us, and we turned to see a posse of men and light upon us. I drew back and lifted my revolver. Already Montgomery's rang out on my right—and then a cry of "Halt!" came from the men in the trees, which in those parts were sparse, fell upon the faces of Jones!

"Jones!" I said, in a voice in which dismay, fury and disappointment blended.

The man in front of me dropped his hand.

"Mr. Hood, Mr. Greator," he asked sharply. "How do you come here?"

"God knows," I replied angrily. "And what are you doing?" I stopped suddenly, for the next instant that came into my mind was the black, impassive face of Hood.

"May I ask, sir, what brings you out tonight on this expedition?" asked Jones, pulling out his execrable pocket-book.

"I have no objection, Mr. Jones, to give you the whole story before we are equally liberal with us. We were hunting for Captain Sercombe."

"Ah!" said Jones, making a note under his breath. "Then it is lucky I met you, gentlemen, for I am doing the same."

I began to see.

"Mr. Hood," said Sheppard, with a polite gesture of his hand, "was guiding you?"

"Mr. Hood had an idea," responded Jones sulkily.

"Ah, Mr. Hood's idea is a very valuable one," said Sheppard quickly. "Pray treasure them."

"I think, Mr. Sergeant," I interrupted, being at length come to myself, "that we have been both badly deceived, and if I were you I should go home."

Jones hesitated. I think he had had enough of it. Wherever Sercombe was, it was certain to me that he was very far from the place into which Hood had descended the police.

"I give you the same advice, sir," replied Jones, "and with your permission I will accompany you."

"I have no objection to that," said Jones, "but for no better escort than a zealous officer," I answered, with some bitterness.

Jones spoke a word with Hood, and that done we retraced our steps through the forest in mutual and ill-bittered silence.

I think there was little conversation between us on our journey back. The sergeant used us very cautiously, as if he would imply that we were defendants upon our trial. But one thing he did say, and that was that Sercombe remarked afterward, without giving us the customary warning.

"I should like to ask you, Mr. Greator, whether you think that you want with Captain Sercombe."

"I want a good deal," I answered bluntly. "I would to warn him that he was wanted, and that he was to be a very obstinate and blind old officer."

"I don't think he needs that warning," said Jones after a pause and somewhat hesitatingly.

"Besides, you forget, Ned," put in Sheppard, "that he owes me £20."

"Ah!" said the sergeant in a tone which implied that he was not to be startled by anything that Sercombe owed.

"And now," I said, in my turn, "you will perhaps be good enough to tell me how you came to find us?"

"Mr. Hood heard you," he answered, "and he followed you to the castle."

"It was good of Mr. Hood—very sharp of Mr. Hood," I returned, "and I take leave to thank Mr. Hood and to wish him to be as discreet as a little sooner. Maybe you and I would have been spared a useless tramp."

If we slept soundly that night it was owing more to the labors of the ex-

dition than to any peace of mind or satisfaction of spirit. We were thoroughly out of our senses, and, for the next two days our tempers came near to snapping. Even Montgomery looked sour and moody, but to give him to his own will I will the more set on pursuing the adventure to an end; and it was in this manner that we spent the last day before the culmination of this strange and tragic history.

The first event in that continuous chain that drew us henceforward forthright to the castle and thence to that evening and when we were the best expecting so odd a turn to the air. For Hood was upon the night hunting Sercombe, and so, too, had Jones.

We were now to find him. It was some time after 6 o'clock of a very black and ominous day that I spied him from the castle. He was upon the high cliffs of the windward and passing under the archway of the guardroom. At Sheppard pointed out to me the face of a man looking from the bushes, and upon that comes in Montgomery with the spines that a police officer was in waiting for the spies.

Continued on eighth page.

Shoe Repairing.

I am located in the wholesale harness shop of Allen & Beigman, and am prepared to do all kinds of high-class shoe repairing at the most reasonable prices.

ADOLPH ZANKNER.
The deaf and dumb shoemaker.

THE FIRST National Bank,

—OF—
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LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE.
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Nice Outfits For Traveling Men.
Phone 18.

YOU NEED IT SALVE CURES

Youneditt Salve manufactured by Dr. J. W. Thomas, Hodgenville, Ky., is one of the very few salves which absolutely cure for no better except than a wonderful curative property. Dr. Thomas now has on file in his office 1426 testimonials, coming from people who have been cured or greatly benefited the past year. This is a new salve, having been on the market about one year and the 1426 testimonials come as a result of the sale of 2546 boxes.

For Sale By All Druggists.

DR. J. W. THOMAS,

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JOHN Y. MAYES,

Funeral Director
—And—
Licensed Embalmer,
SPRINGFIELD, - KENTUCKY.

Best Attention.
Every courtesy shown.

WILLISBURG.

P. C. Shewmaker and sister, Mrs. Mary Hughes, were called to Tabors, Ky., to attend the funeral of their sister, who died instantly of heart failure.

Little E. Carl Pinkston has returned home after a week's stay with his grandmother, Mrs. M. A. Shirley, at this place.

Mrs. W. S. Gibbs and son, Leo, visited in Anderson county last week.

Miss Clatie Scott spent Sunday with Miss Viola Vase.

Hornes Grider and wife spent last Saturday with the former's father, John Grider, of this place.

W. B. Shirley and wife spent Sunday with the latter's parents at Polin.

Mrs. L. W. Jenkins and T. J. Miller were in Louisville last week on business.

W. S. Gibbs was in Bardstown one day last week on business.

Mrs. Mary Melvill visited her son, Dan, at Sweet Retreat last Sunday.

Mrs. William Scott visited Sunday with Mrs. John F. Reynolds here.

Miss Mayne Merritt visited friends at Sharpville one day last week.

Charlie Melvill and wife visited at the home of William Sutton Sunday.

John F. Reynolds was in Lawrenceburg Monday on business.

Misses Elizabeth and Blanche Shirley visited Mrs. H. H. Tatham last Sunday.

Irish Cheatham and sister, Miss Nora, visited their aunt, Mrs. Frank Ash, Sunday.

A good many people from this place attended the funeral of H. B. Powell, at Mackville.

Misses Arrie and Olive Sutton, Nora Cheatham and Hester Noel visited Miss Mayne Merritt Wednesday last week.

Mrs. Will. Sims visited Mrs. L. W. Jenkins last Saturday.

Joe Thompson, of Mackville, was in our midst Sunday afternoon.

Oscar Shirley attended Sunday school here Sunday.

John Jenkins came near losing his life last Saturday evening while cutting down trees on a hill side.

The trunk of one of them rolled over him and lodged, pinning Mr. Jenkins to the earth. Had it not been for the timely arrival of Mr. Will. Sims, who hurriedly extricated Mr. Jenkins, the latter would unquestionably have met his death.

A flock of wild geese passed over town last Sunday going north. That is one of the many signs that winter is over.

The Sun grows brighter each issue.

MT. ZION.

Mr. Everett Parish is seriously ill with tumor of the stomach. Dr. McChord, of Lebanon, and Drs. Beard and Bedford, of Chapin, held a consultation at his home Sunday morning and it is thought an operation will be necessary.

Mr. Bailey Pinkston was in Bardstown on business one day last week.

Mr. H. B. Bonta spent last Saturday with Mr. George Russell and family of Ashe's Creek.

Miss Carry Russell and Master Paul Vanhook have returned from Vanhook, where they visited her brother, John Russell.

Mr. Evan Keeling and Miss Keeling, of Tatham Springs, attended church here Sunday.

Rev. W. S. Maxwell filled his regular appointment here Sunday, delivering two fine sermons. Not a great many were present Sunday night, and we are getting out of order to us.

STOMACH ACHE

More have trouble with your stomach, your bowels and your liver—everybody does. And when these delicate and easily-dissolved organs get out of order, they are the worst thing in the world to you. If you took the kind of care of them, you wouldn't suffer, but you don't.

The only way you can correct the trouble you are getting out of order is to use

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

Everybody knows that Pepsin is good for the stomach, but in combination with certain plant drugs by DR. CALDWELL'S formula, its natural value is highly increased.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPsin is the best thing in the world for correcting and curing all forms of stomach trouble—you'll say as when you try it.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPsin can be obtained in both dollar and half dollar sizes at all druggists, and your money will be refunded if it fails to benefit you.

Your postal card request will bring by return mail our new booklet, "DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPsin," which tells you all about this wonderful remedy. Mail your postal card today.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO.

Sold by The Red Cross Drug Store.

feel that those absent from church are certainly the losers in such occasions. Clifton Taylor, who is attending school in Bardstown, spent Saturday and Sunday with his father, Mr. Taylor.

Miss Lydia Williams returned home last Thursday after an extended visit to her uncle, Rev. J. M. Williams, of Beards.

Mrs. S. H. Bishop and sister, Miss Nora Bonta, of Springfield, visited their parents here Sunday and Monday.

Heavy Roadster Type. The Springfield station horse portrait is here reproduced from American Agriculture is a typical representative of the class of horses now in great demand on farms of the middle west. These horses are heavy enough for all general draft purposes and at the same time are of such build

and conformation that they are fairly speedy under light harness. This beautiful gray stallion is of the best Morgan breeding and one of the most representative animals in Lake county, Ind., of this particular class.

Patenting Cattle in Winter. In buying cattle for fattening during the winter I would recommend the feeder to buy only the best stock and to keep them thriving by generous feeding, says a cattle feeder in Farm Progress. My practice is to give them a feed of grain the first thing in the morning and follow this by giving straw or stalks. After I find that grain, then turn them into the yards and clean and feed the stable. If it is very cold or stormy I turn them in again right away, but if the weather is favorable I allow them to run about for awhile. About 3 o'clock I feed again, then hay and the last thing at night is a ration of molasses and corn.

It is the cheapest food for fattening cattle in winter.

How to Rectify a Two Sided Dish. In the case of accidentally getting anything too salty it is possible to remedy the mistake by adding a tablespoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar. For this reason the quickest and best way to freshen salt fish is to soak them in sour milk.

A Joke. "Is Miss Richly an athletic girl?" "I should say so. She threw overboard all of the heavy weights of the football team."—Exchange.

Not lost, but tact, makes the world go round.—Beatrice Harraden.

Public Sale

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1906

One mile from Mackville on Texas pike. Sale begins at 10 A. M.

All have rented my farm for the coming year. I will sell my Stock and Feed on the above date, consisting of:

One 4-year-old Chester Dair mare, well broken to drive, in foal by horse; one 4-year-old combined horse, one 3-year-old saddle horse, one 3-year-old filly, broke to harness; one 2-year-old filly, halter-broke; one 10-year-old work mule, five 2-year-old mules, one 4-year-old stallion, 16 hands, well broke to harness, sired by Red Bird, first dam Nutt Wood; two first-class mule Jacks, 2-year-old; one yearling Jack colt, a good one; one yearling Pole Angus bull, one thoroughbred Pole Angus cow, fresh milk; ten yearling steers, two yearling heifers, two good steer calves, eight 2-year-old steers, twenty head round shanks, two good sows due to pig in March. Also 100 bushels of Rye, some Oats in bundles, Corn and Fodder.

WM. W. HATCHETT.

S. M. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer.

Springfield Market

Bacon—Hams 15c; Sides 12 1/2c. Buttermilk—24c per pound. Butter—14 1/2c per pound. Chickens—16c to 18c; Spring 16c. Dried apples—5c per pound. Ducks—8c per pound. Corn Meal—20c to 25c per bushel. Eggs—16c per dozen. Freshers—4c per pound. Flour—\$2.00. Glue—75c per pound. Grain—Wheat 85c; corn 90c; Oats 75c; Rye 90c; Spring 85c. Lard—30c per pound. Lima—80c to 90c per barrel. Mill products—Bran 50c; shipstuffs, \$1.00 per 100 pounds. Potatoes—Culinary 85c. Onions—\$1.00. Salt—85c and 90c per barrel. Turkeys—10c per pound. Yarrow—4c per pound. Vinegar—5c to 6c per gallon. Wood—Hickory and gray, 14c; clear of green, 8c; white washed, 20c. Corn—Bourbon—45c to 50c; Georgia—50c a bushel.

The Adventurers

—By H. B. MARSHALL WATSON

Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers

"What the deuce does he want?" I growled. "I'll let them know better than to trespass on my grounds."

"I thought I knew the law," said Sheppard. "Let's settle him. It means that we're watched!"

We hurried out, but the picket was gone. Perhaps he had his orders, or it might be that he had already exceeded them.

Six o'clock, as I say, had struck, and I was alone in my study. I was when Sercombe came up the drive. I ran down the stairway to meet him, with the one thought in my head that he had escaped the police by a few minutes. I wanted to warn him of his danger. I have never to this day believed that Sercombe had any hand in Williams' death nor that he was privy to it. In fact, I am quite certain that neither he nor Hood knew anything about the assassination and that they were equally startled with ourselves and perhaps quite as much about the Greeks alone were responsible.

As the man drew near I saw for the first time the change upon his face. The color, which was always high, had fallen sickly and presented either a ghastly green or pallid redness to the eyes. His great mustache was ragged and blew in wisps about his mouth. His clothes, which he was wont to wear in excellent style and condition, were dusty, torn and soiled. He had, to my astonished eye, the air of a drunken lunatic, and his startled outcries and his uncertain gait deepened the impression on me. He came up to the door and put out a hand, as if groping for the bell; but, though I stood by, he did not seem to notice me.

"Sercombe!" I called in amazement. He passed his hand across his eyes. "Is that you, Mr. Greators? Excuse me, sir; I see badly. My eyes—Get me in for God's sake!" he concluded, almost in a whine.

I took his arm and assisted him into the nearest room, where he sank into a chair, breathing his exhaustion.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Greators," he said presently, staring about him, "you're a good sort—if that's news. But what price would you put upon Hood now?"

The man was plainly beyond himself with fatigue or pain, or both, and so I produced a glass and some brandy from the cupboard and poured out a dose. I seemed to see at a bound the color jump into his discolored face. It swung back into his cheeks, and his bloodshot eyes beamed on me.

"I feel better for that," he said genially. "And I could do with some food too."

"You shall have some directly," I answered. "It is preparing now. But see here, Captain Sercombe, I must warn you that you are in danger."

"Danger!" he echoed and appeared to start in his chair. I could see that the man's nerve was altogether broken.

"Yes, the police have a warrant out for you. Something to do with Williams, I believe."

Sercombe's head dropped on his knee. "I see it now," he muttered. "That was his game." He looked up at me and curbed his mustache with his fingers.

"Well, I fancy, Mr. Greators, that I've come from greater danger than that. I can't quite count the police. Oh, no!" And he laughed a little.

"They are outside keeping guard upon the castle," I explained, and I moved to the window and looked out. "I cannot think how you escaped them."

"What! Are you, too, in disgrace?" laughed Sercombe to his old fashion; then, more quietly, "I tell you, I'm not afraid of the police. What have I done? I defy them to pin a suspicion

certainly the last person we had expected to be entertaining in an amiable fashion. But neither interfered with any questions, Montgomery of old loyalty to himself and Sheppard out of a reasoning intelligence. Sercombe looked on at life with his own eyes once more, but yet he showed certain signs of discomposure, more particularly in the way in which he hurried through his food.

"I'm mighty empty," he explained. "I've had a long tramp. But he ventured no further communication on that subject at the time. Presently, however, he put down his knife and fork and broke out unexpectedly.

"Mr. Greators, in the Swan some time ago you made me a proposal."

"I did," I said.

"A little later I approached you with a counter proposal. Can't we make the basis of an agreement still?"

"I think that is quite practicable," I answered. "We might make a basis, but the question is, should we keep to it?"

Sercombe studied his glass. "I understand you," he said. "I'll tell you. But I admit to you that things are changed since then—changed. I will impress upon you, with as well as with me."

I bowed. The others sat silent, waiting with interest what might be forth coming.

"Once before we talked our cards," Mr. Greators, said Sercombe. "I think it would be wise if we were to do so again."

I understood you to hold all the trump, said I.

"Ah," said he, "that's the rub. I don't say so. But what I wish to put to you is this: What is it worth to you if I can lay my hands on that treasure?"

"I think this was the problem I was confronted with at the Woodman, Captain Sercombe," I replied.

"It was," said he. "And then I put a price on myself, which was share and share with you."

I could not but be struck by Sercombe's eyes telegraphed at me across the table. What in the world had brought us to this pass? It was not Sercombe's tardy repentance, nor was it a heroic act of generosity offered out of friendship. No; the split I had anticipated had come about—the thieves had fallen out. And I now began to put a point on Sercombe's condition and Sercombe's visit. If this were so and the partners had quarreled, I felt that Sercombe was in a bad deal.

"I remember you asked a high price," I said. "You rated your conversion, let us say, very highly."

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CHAPTER XX.

"Oh! well remember," said Sercombe, "that the last time I saw you was when we rode back to the Woodman with that cart before you. You know well enough that you were going to that time, and if he had not been whistled for him long enough. It isn't as if I didn't know the man. He was a good man, ten years back. I took him through Chile, and we were together in the Italian trouble. That's how he

The Adventurers

By H. B. MARSHALL WATSON

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"What the deuce does he want?" I growled. "I'll let them know better than to trespass on my grounds."

"I thought I knew the law," said Sheppard. "Let's settle him. It means that we're watched!"

We hurried out, but the picket was gone. Perhaps he had his orders, or it might be that he had already exceeded them.

Six o'clock, as I say, had struck, and I was alone in my study. I was when Sercombe came up the drive. I ran down the stairway to meet him, with the one thought in my head that he had escaped the police by a few minutes. I wanted to warn him of his danger. I have never to this day believed that Sercombe had any hand in Williams' death nor that he was privy to it. In fact, I am quite certain that neither he nor Hood knew anything about the assassination and that they were equally startled with ourselves and perhaps quite as much about the Greeks alone were responsible.

As the man drew near I saw for the first time the change upon his face. The color, which was always high, had fallen sickly and presented either a ghastly green or pallid redness to the eyes. His great mustache was ragged and blew in wisps about his mouth. His clothes, which he was wont to wear in excellent style and condition, were dusty, torn and soiled. He had, to my astonished eye, the air of a drunken lunatic, and his startled outcries and his uncertain gait deepened the impression on me. He came up to the door and put out a hand, as if groping for the bell; but, though I stood by, he did not seem to notice me.

"Sercombe!" I called in amazement. He passed his hand across his eyes. "Is that you, Mr. Greators? Excuse me, sir; I see badly. My eyes—Get me in for God's sake!" he concluded, almost in a whine.

I took his arm and assisted him into the nearest room, where he sank into a chair, breathing his exhaustion.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Greators," he said presently, staring about him, "you're a good sort—if that's news. But what price would you put upon Hood now?"

The man was plainly beyond himself with fatigue or pain, or both, and so I produced a glass and some brandy from the cupboard and poured out a dose. I seemed to see at a bound the color jump into his discolored face. It swung back into his cheeks, and his bloodshot eyes beamed on me.

"I feel better for that," he said genially. "And I could do with some food too."

"You shall have some directly," I answered. "It is preparing now. But see here, Captain Sercombe, I must warn you that you are in danger."

"Danger!" he echoed and appeared to start in his chair. I could see that the man's nerve was altogether broken.

"Yes, the police have a warrant out for you. Something to do with Williams, I believe."

Sercombe's head dropped on his knee. "I see it now," he muttered. "That was his game." He looked up at me and curbed his mustache with his fingers.

"Well, I fancy, Mr. Greators, that I've come from greater danger than that. I can't quite count the police. Oh, no!" And he laughed a little.

"They are outside keeping guard upon the castle," I explained, and I moved to the window and looked out. "I cannot think how you escaped them."

"What! Are you, too, in disgrace?" laughed Sercombe to his old fashion; then, more quietly, "I tell you, I'm not afraid of the police. What have I done? I defy them to pin a suspicion

certainly the last person we had expected to be entertaining in an amiable fashion. But neither interfered with any questions, Montgomery of old loyalty to himself and Sheppard out of a reasoning intelligence. Sercombe looked on at life with his own eyes once more, but yet he showed certain signs of discomposure, more particularly in the way in which he hurried through his food.

"I'm mighty empty," he explained. "I've had a long tramp. But he ventured no further communication on that subject at the time. Presently, however, he put down his knife and fork and broke out unexpectedly.

"Mr. Greators, in the Swan some time ago you made me a proposal."

"I did," I said.

"A little later I approached you with a counter proposal. Can't we make the basis of an agreement still?"

"I think that is quite practicable," I answered. "We might make a basis, but the question is, should we keep to it?"

Sercombe studied his glass. "I understand you," he said. "I'll tell you. But I admit to you that things are changed since then—changed. I will impress upon you, with as well as with me."

I bowed. The others sat silent, waiting with interest what might be forth coming.

"Once before we talked our cards," Mr. Greators, said Sercombe. "I think it would be wise if we were to do so again."

I understood you to hold all the trump, said I.

"Ah," said he, "that's the rub. I don't say so. But what I wish to put to you is this: What is it worth to you if I can lay my hands on that treasure?"

"I think this was the problem I was confronted with at the Woodman, Captain Sercombe," I replied.

"It was," said he. "And then I put a price on myself, which was share and share with you."

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